that he could estimate the probable height it had reached.

But this was not their only means of telling how high they had gone. Mr. Glaisher had before him, among the instruments partially seen in the engraving, a very sensitive spirit thermometer, so made as to leave a mark at the lowest point the spirit reached in the tube. The observations made during the ascent had told him just how rapidly the temperature fell that day as the balloon rose: you know that the air grows cold very rapidly as one ascends. Now the thermometer recorded nearly twelve degrees below zero as the coldest temperature experienced; this, at the rate of decline observed—so many degrees for each thousand feet of ascent—indicated an elevation corresponding to that obtained by calculation, that is, about 37,000 feet.

Again, when Mr. Coxwell dropped from the ring into the car, he noticed that the hand of the aneroid barometer they carried stood at 7, indicating an air pressure of only seven inches, which corresponds to a height of 37,000 feet. The agreement of these three different methods of estimating the height of the balloon is so close that there can be little doubt of their united testimony.

What has air pressure to do with the height of a balloon?

Everything. It would n't go up at all if the air did not press it upward. Besides, by measuring the pressure at any point by means of a barometer, one is able to tell how much of the atmosphere is below him,—in other words, how high he is above the earth.

That the air does press upward, as well as in every other direction, can be easily proved. This is one way. Fill a goblet to the level with water, and cover it nicely with a piece of writing-paper, rubbing the rim of the goblet well to make a snug joint. This done, turn the goblet upside down. The pressure of the air against the paper will hold the water up, and if the experiment be dexterously made, not a drop will fall out. If the goblet were thirty feet high, the water would be supported just the same; in other words, the upward pressure of the air will support a column of water thirty feet high, and a little more, *at the level of the sea*. As one rises above the sea the pressure is less, because less of the air is left above. By rising three miles and three-quarters, half the atmosphere is passed, and the air pressure is then sufficient to support only about fifteen feet of water; or, as mercury is about twelve times as heavy as water, about fifteen inches of mercury, as in a common barometer. At a height of between five and six miles, the barometer reading is only ten inches; at twenty miles it would be less than one inch—the height of the recording column of mercury decreasing very rapidly with the elevation.

Thus the barometric readings tell the mountain climber or the aëronaut very nearly his exact height above the sea, at any moment. Combined with other observations familiar to men of science, the height can be told with great precision.

I can hear many of you asking: What made Mr. Glaisher lose his senses? And why were the unlucky Frenchmen suffocated?

Two very grave evils are encountered on ascending to great heights above the earth, both due, directly or indirectly, to the diminishing pressure of the air. Our lungs are used to working under a pressure of about fifteen pounds to the square inch, and to air of corresponding density. Every time the lungs are filled in ordinary breathing, a quantity of air of this density is brought to act on the blood in them, purifying it so as to make it fit to sustain life. But when the aëronaut has risen, say to a height of four miles, the atmosphere is less than half as dense as the air he is used to breathing; its pressure upon the body and the lungs is only half as great as that which by use they are fitted to withstand; and the machinery of breathing and the circulation of the blood are more or less disturbed in consequence. At the height of five or six miles this disturbance may seriously interfere with health and comfort. Besides, the air is so very much thinner up there, that when the lungs are filled with it a much smaller quantity of air than usual is brought to bear on the blood. The blood is consequently less completely purified; its color darkens; the impurities retained in it act like poison; and in a little while, unless a descent is made into a denser atmosphere, the victim may be suffocated past recovery, as the two Frenchmen were who lost their lives in a balloon ascent last summer.

One of the pigeons taken up with Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell died from this cause, and another lost its senses but recovered. There were six in the cage when they started. One was thrown out at the height of three miles, going up; it spread its wings and dropped like a piece of paper. The second was thrown out at the height of four miles; it flew vigorously, but the air was too thin to sustain it. The third, thrown out between four and five miles up, fell downward like a stone. The fourth was thrown out at four miles, coming down, and took refuge on the top of the balloon. The fifth, as already noticed, was dead; and the sixth was so stupid that it could not fly for some time after reaching the ground.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Surrey's time, at which the Queen was one of the boldest riders; and here is a curious little bit of a letter, which you must make out for yourselves, written by the Earl of Leicester, and addressed to "the right honourable, and my singular good Lorde, my L. of Cantbries' grace"—which means the Archbishop of Canterbury:

"My L. The Q. Ma^tie being abroad hunting yesterday in the Forrest, and having hadd veary good Happ beside great Sport, she hath thought good to remember yo^r Grace with P^t of her Pray, and so comaunded me to send you from her Highnes a great and fatt Stagge, killed with her owen Hand."

This was one of her amusements. Then there were great "triumphs" and tournaments, and plays and dances and every kind of festivity. One of the knights at a Triumph in honor of the coronation day spent four hundred pounds upon his dress and the present he offered, which was a much larger sum than it seems now. There never was so gorgeous a reign. There is a story that Shakspeare's play of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was written at Elizabeth's command, to amuse her and her Court. Fancy having Shakspeare to write plays for you, when you wanted something new! It was worth while in such a case, was it not, to be a queen?

I should like to tell you a great deal more about Elizabeth, but, alas! I have no more room. She built the fine terrace, which is shown in the picture, and which now makes a beautiful line at the summit of the Slopes, so rich with beautiful trees, and in the spring almost knee-deep in violets. And there is a fine gallery looking in the same direction, which now forms part of the Royal Library and is called Queen Elizabeth's Gallery. Opening off from this gallery is a tiny little octagon room, all windows, like a lantern, in which Queen Anne was taking tea when the news of the battle of Blenheim was brought to her. So you see how the generations are linked together in this old Castle. In the next chapter I will try to tell you something of the Stuarts, the next reigning family, who were very different from these violent and vigorous Tudors, but, like them, ended in a queen.

LITTLE DAME DOT.

(Not a True Story.)

By Margery Deane.

Little Dame Dot was a wee old woman—the weeist old woman ever you saw. She was so thin, and so little, and so light, that it did almost seem as though you could ride her on a feather; and you never would dare draw a long breath in the same room with her, for fear the draft of it would send her up the chimney.

Now being quite alone in the world, Dame Dot's sole comfort and care was a pair of bright knitting-needles. These, the good townfolk say, were never out of her hands, except on a Sunday, and even then she kept her fingers in motion from mere habit, though her eyes were intently fixed on the minister through the whole service.

At other times, sitting or walking, silent or talking, morning, noon and night, little Dame Dot was always knitting. If she had knit all her stitches in a straight row, it would certainly have reached round the world; but she knit round and round for stockings, up and down for blankets, and back and forth for comforters,—clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Whenever she walked abroad she carried her knitting with her, and in windy weather all the people would say: "Little Dame Dot will surely blow away!" But she did n't, and she did n't, till nobody really thought she would, or that anything of the kind would happen to her.

But once upon a time, when it blew and blew and blew, something did happen. Little Dame Dot took her walk and her knitting, thinking of nothing but the gray yarn and the shining needles, though all the breezes were out, and playing tag with the leaves and sticks and bits of paper in the streets, and slamming blinds and doors in people's faces. A little breeze took her off her feet the very moment she appeared on the door-step; but set her down all right on the pavement, and off she went, saying to herself and to her needles: "One, two, seams; one, two, three." And they went clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Just as she reached the white church, with its tall spire, a bigger breeze than all the rest caught her in its airy arms, and, quick as a wink, carried her up into the sky and out of sight, needles and all, except the gray ball which she let drop in her hasty flight.

Soon after, down the street came little Billy

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Baker. "*What* ever is this?" he said, as he tried to pick up something that was flying along the ground like mad.

"What ever *is* it?" said fat Tommy Tubbs, coming home from school, with a slate in one hand and a green apple in the other.

"What *ever* is it?" chimed in Polly Popps, going by in a red cloak, with her petticoats all in a flutter.

"It 's a *ball* of yarn!" said Billy.

"It 's a ball of *yarn!*" said Tommy.

"It *is* a ball of yarn!" said Polly.

"Wherever 's the *end?*" said Billy.

"*Wherever 's* the end?" said Tommy.

"Wherever *is* the end?" said Polly.

Then came all the boys and the girls, and the men and the women round about, to see whatever they three were talking about.

"See! see!" said somebody, pointing up above the steeple; and they saw a little speck, like a kite, way up in the sky.

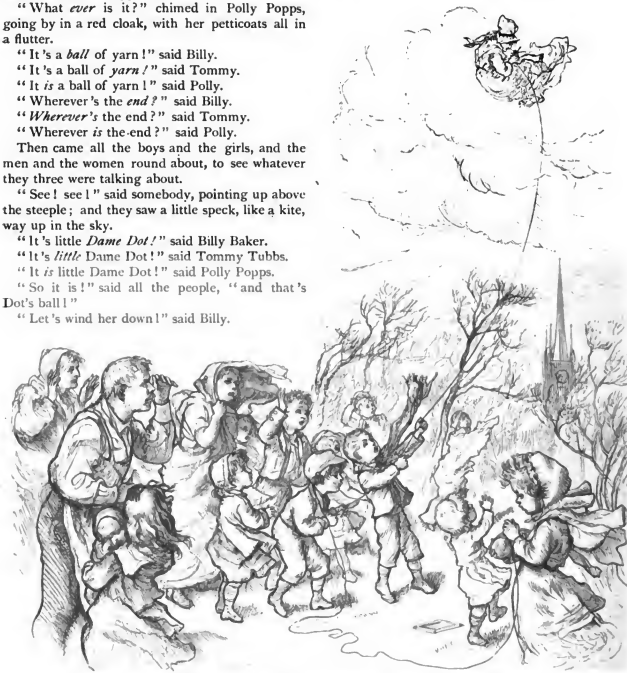
"It 's little *Dame Dot!*" said Billy Baker.

"It 's *little* Dame Dot!" said Tommy Tubbs.

"It *is* little Dame Dot!" said Polly Popps.

"So it is!" said all the people, "and that 's Dot's ball!"

"Let 's wind her down!" said Billy.



"LITTLE DAME DOT CAME NEARER AND NEARER."

"Yes, wind her down!" said Tommy, and Polly, and everybody.

And Billy Baker pulled and pulled, and Polly wound, and little Dame Dot grew bigger and bigger, and came nearer and nearer, till everybody could see her knitting away for all the world the same as ever, and as if the queerest thing that ever was heard of had not just happened to her.

Pretty soon they could hear her say: "One, two, seam; one, two, three," and then she touched the ground, and she said: "I thank you for my ball, Polly Popps. I 'm much obliged to you, Billy Baker. You are *very* kind, Tommy Tubbs," and she made a low courtesy to everybody, and walked off home, counting to herself, "One, two, seam; one, two, three." Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Billy Baker said: "*Well*, I never!"

Tommy Tubbs said: "Well, I *never!*"

Polly Popps said: "Well, *I* never!" and then all the people said: "WELL, I NEVER!"

Then spoke up Billy Baker: "Something must be done, or little Dame Dot will blow away and never come back any more, and whatever should we do in the village for comforters?"

"And mittens," said Tommy Tubbs.

"And garters," said Polly Popps.

"AND STOCKINGS," said all the people.

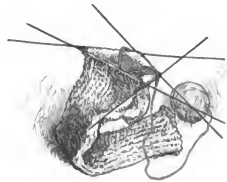
"We 'll put weights on her," said somebody.

"Oh, yes!—we 'll put weights on her!" shouted everybody.

And they did.

Never since that day has wee Dame Dot ventured abroad without one little iron weight hung on her neck, two little iron weights hung on her elbows, and three little iron weights tied on to her petticoats.

And she knits, and knits, and knits. Clickety-click, clickety-click, clickety-clack!



SPINNING AND WEAVING.

BY MRS. ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

A HUNDRED years ago,—everything of any interest just now was a hundred years ago, though this that I am going to say was just as true fifty years ago;—a hundred years ago, in every farm-house and village house all over New England, there was one thing, and one interest, that has vanished and died out and been superseded. A thing that belonged to the *girls;* and an interest and ambition that the girls grew up to. A pretty picturesque thing, and a pretty feminine industry and emulation that cannot be replaced.

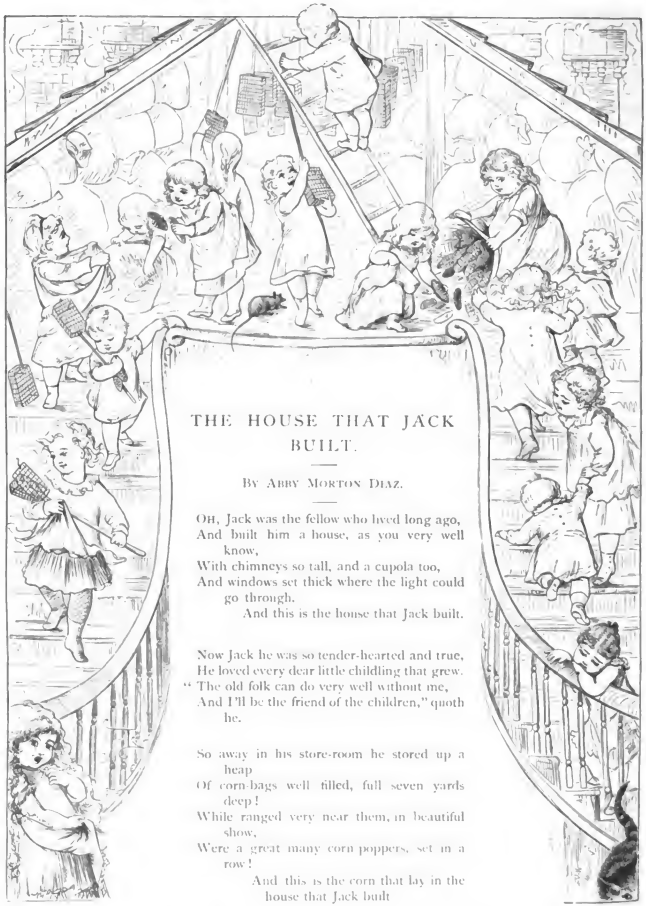
It was the old spinning-wheel, with its light lines and its graceful treadle; as artistic a fireside ornament as a harp, and as suggestive of low pleasant music, and quiet, restful moods. And the busy ambition was the spinning stores and stores of fine white wool and glistening flax, to make blankets and flannels, and beautiful bed and table linen; trying who, in her maidenhood, could lay by most, and smoothest, and fairest, against her matronhood.

Every girl learned to draw the buzzing threads, and turn with quick deft motion the whirling circle that twisted them so swift and firm; to step lightly to and fro beside the big one, or lean from her low seat to the spindle of the little flax-wheel, as the yarn or the thread drew out and in, in the twirling and the winding. And so, every girl was a "spinster," and kept on spinning, all her possible time, until she married, and took home to her husband's house, for years and years of thrifty comfortable wear, the "purple and fine linen" she had made.

You are spinsters now, every one of you. That is what the law calls you, until you are married women. And that is what life makes you, whether you will or no,—whether you like it or not.

You can't get rid of it; though the spinning-wheels are dropping to pieces in the old garrets, and the great factories are thundering beside the rivers, to turn wool and cotton into all the cloth the great hurried world needs; where no one any longer makes anything for himself, but makes or fetches,—or catches hold and pretends to have a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

By Abby Morton Diaz.

Oh, Jack was the fellow who lived long ago,
And built him a house, as you very well know,
With chimneys so tall, and a cupola too,
And windows set thick where the light could go through.
And this is the house that Jack built.

Now Jack he was so tender-hearted and true,
He loved every dear little childling that grew.
"The old folk can do very well without me,
And I'll be the friend of the children," quoth he.

So away in his store-room he stored up a heap
Of corn-bags well filled, full seven yards deep!
While ranged very near them, in beautiful show,
Were a great many corn poppers, set in a row!
And this is the corn that lay in the house that Jack built

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

And a blazing red fire was ever kept glowing,
By a great pair of bellows that ever kept blowing;
And there stood the children, the dear little souls,
A-shaking their corn-poppers over the coals.

Soon a motherly rat, seeking food for her young,
Came prying and peeping the corn-bags among.
"I 'll take home a supply," said this kindest of mothers;
"My children like corn quite as well as those others."
And this is the rat, &c.

Just as Puss shuts her eyelids, oh! what does she hear?
"Bow-wow!" and "Bow-wow!" very close at her ear.
Now away up a pole all trembling she springs,
And there, on its top, all trembling she clings.
And this is the dog, &c.

Said Bose to himself, "What a great dog am I!
When my voice is heard, who dares to come nigh?
Now I 'll worry that cow. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, if she
Should run up a pole, how funny 't would be!"

"A-SHAKING THEIR CORN-POPPERS OVER THE COALS."

Run quick, Mother Rat! Oh, if you but knew
How slyly old Tabby is watching for you!
She 's creeping so softly—pray, pray do not wait!
She springs!—she has grabbed you!—ah, now 't is too late!
And this is the cat, &c.

Too late, yes too late! All your struggles are vain;
You never will see those dear children again!
All sadly they sit in their desolate home,
Looking out for the mother that never will come.

When Pussy had finished, she said, with a smile,
"I think I will walk in the garden awhile,
And there take a nap in some sunshiny spot."
Bose laughed to himself as he said, "I think not!"

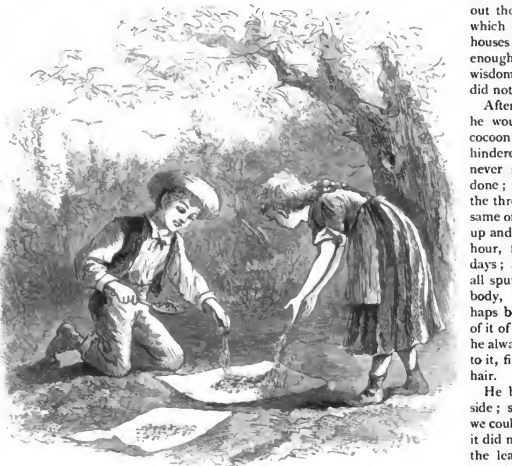
Poor Bose! you will wish that you 'd never been born
When you bark at that cow with the crumpled horn.
'Way you go, with a toss, high up in the air!
Do you like it, old Bose? Is it pleasant up there?
And this is the cow, &c.

Now when this old Molly, so famous in story,
Left Bose on the ground, all bereft of his glory,
She walked to the valley as fast as she could,
Where a dear little maid with a milking-pail stood.
And this is the maiden, &c.

Alas! a maiden all forlorn was she,
Woful and sad, and piteous to see!

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and begin eating with all their might. They started *black;* but after the fourth shedding of their skins, came out a pale yellow. And now they became more and more interesting. We used to bring in twigs of mulberry, and watch them go



THE CHILDREN SPRINKLE A LITTLE SOIL OVER THE SILK-WORM EGGS.

hurrying to begin on a leaf; they would eat down on one edge, cutting out a beautiful scallop, notched as neatly as a little saw; and all eating together, they made a humming sound which could be heard all over the room.

Now was the time, Aunt Kitty told us, to watch sharp and see them begin their cocoons. They were now about three inches long; and instead of growing, they seemed to shrink a little, and became so nearly transparent that you could almost see through them. When one refused to eat, and went rambling about in an uncertain way, as if he was hunting for something, we knew he was ready to spin. So we laid little bushes down, and pretty soon he would climb up, find a place that suited him, fix his hind feet firm, and begin to stretch his head back and forth and every way, as far as he could reach. And where he had touched, we could see a little yellowish film, bright as spun gold, and not heavier than a spider's thread, on the bush; and before long we found that he had fastened some fuzzy, shining stuff, like the finest fibers of split sewing-silk, all around him.

This, Aunt Kitty said, was *floss;* and all silk-worms made it in their own countries (where they lived on trees), to keep out the rain; and those which were cared for in houses were not wise enough, with all their wisdom, to see that *they* did not need to do so.

After this was fixed, he would begin on his cocoon; and if nothing hindered him, he would never stop until it was done; and never break the thread—carrying the same one back and forth, up and down, hour after hour, for three or four days; and when it was all spun out of his little body, there would perhaps be a thousand feet of it of *double* thread, for he always has two strands to it, finer than the finest hair.

He began on the outside; so for a few hours we could watch him; and it did not trouble him in the least. At first, he was altogether in sight; but pretty soon there was a screen, like yellow gauze, through which we could see his head moving with as much regularity as machinery; and by and by the web grew so thick that we could not make him out at all.

The outermost was the "floss;" next came the "fine silk," and inside of all was a lining of what was called "glued silk," as hard and firm as a skin, which finished his tight little chamber, the most beautiful and perfect that could be. After it was all done, and he had spun his last fiber, it was as pretty in shape as a bird's egg. Then he shed his skin again and went to sleep, as a chrysalis. But he did not intend to stay there. He had made one end of his cocoon—the pointed one—thinner than the other; and if he was let alone, in a few weeks he would wake up and gnaw his way out, and appear in the world as a brown moth.

But that was just what Aunt Kitty and the silk-makers did not wish him to do. There would be an ugly hole in the cocoon if he did so, and the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Romancers, poets, essayists, historians, all have vied
With one another zealously, their skill and genius tried,
To offer me a literature; and let their very selves,
From divers climes and ages, speak from the book-case shelves.

Astronomers are on the watch, like sentinels, to see
The movements of the heavenly host, and they report to me
The latest news received from constellation or from star,
Or of the frisky comets plunging into space so far.

Inventors tax their brains for me,—sharp-witted men and keen,—
To put in my possession some new wonderful machine,
By which my toil is easy made, and I subdue, as king,
The stubborn earth, and make it all to me its tribute bring.

The railways spanning our broad land, and managed with such skill,
Are mine, to all intents at least; they take me where I will.
My telegraph thrills through the world, down underneath the sea,
And brings each distant country a near neighbor unto me.

And thus from ev'ry quarter, whether sea or earth or sky,
My riches are enormous; and I cannot, if I try,
Join in the murmurs of my friends, pretending I am poor.
All things are mine—God says it, and His word is ever sure.

LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE MOSQUITO.

SCENE I.

SCENE II.

SCENE III.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

pealing over them daily, like King Charles in his pall of snow; some in Westminster, some in other tombs less royal,—their old home stands as fair as ever, remembering them and making them remembered, stronger and richer and more beautiful for each of them, yet surviving all.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"You do know about the battle of Bunker's Hill, don't you?" asked Allen.

"No," shouted the Grig.

"Nor Putnam, and Adam and Eve, and Cornwallis and Cæsar, and Daniel Boone, and the Ionian Isles?"

"No—no—no!" roared the Grig.

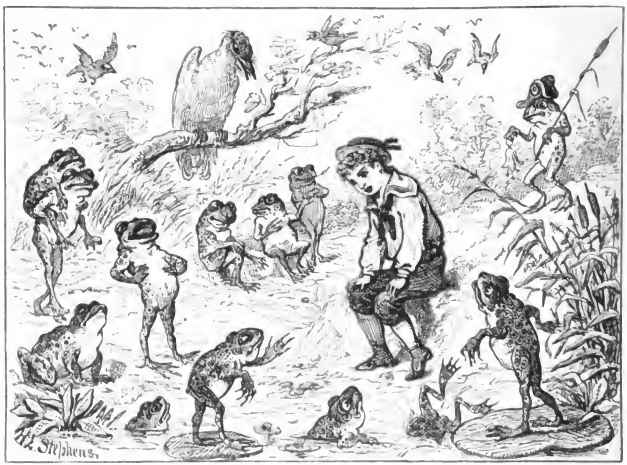
"Tell us some more things that you don't know about," said Allen.

"Oh, there 's lot o' things! Five times six is sixty-six. If you put three eggs, and two pigs, and six dogs in one cart, and go five miles, how many carts will go one mile in an hour?

"Stop him up there!" called out a Grig. "We always laugh when anybody knows anything, especially a boy," explained the Grig who had been talking. "We feel so sorry for him, for

> We are merry, laughing Grigs!
> We are shouting, chaffing Grigs!
> And we don't know a thing,
> And can only dance and sing,
> With the Grigs, Grigs, Grigs,
> With the Grigs."

All the Grigs in the black water joined in the chorus; some high, some low, and there was a sound of castanets and pipes and reeds.



ALLEN AND THE GRIGS.

"I don't know that, nor geog'fy!" continued the Grig. "They would turn over as soon as I had found out what was on one side of the world; slap over, and ask you what is on the other side."

"Eastern Hemisphere," said Allen, so promptly and gravely that all the Grigs laughed in chorus, and he thought that even the crow smiled. He was very much confused; but the white violets looked kindly at him and gave him courage to say: "Why do you laugh at me? It is the Eastern Hemisphere on the other side. Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia."

"But I like to know things," insisted the little boy. "My big brothers and father knows things," he added sadly and ungrammatically. "You must know 'em before you grow up to be a man."

"No, you need n't," called out a piping little voice on the farther edge of the pool.

"Yes, you need, too," said the boy, very stoutly, for he was beginning to doubt.

Just then it seemed as if it must be pleasant to be "A merry, laughing Grig," and not to know a thing. He was oppressed by the extent of his knowledge. "You do have to know things," he

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

By L. W. J.

Do not all children like parties? Some enjoy the games, some the dancing, and some, sad to say, only the eating. At least, a fat boy was heard to remark, the other day, that parties were "no good, except for the supper." And two little girls, who were playing at having a party last year, said that "all the party they could get was three cents' worth of gum-drops."

"All out-doors" is the best place for a party, and a summer's day is the time, when children can have grand games of hide-and-seek among the bushes, with no late hours or unwholesome food to give them headaches, no silk dresses to spoil, or jewelry to lose in the grass. How pretty their white dresses and bright sashes look in sunshine and shadow, how the curls and braids toss about, how gayly their shrieks and shouts ring through the country stillness! Some are playing at croquet, some at "tag" or "kick-stick," some wander off to pick wild flowers, some are resting quite out of breath—all are happy. Then, after a good play, how refreshing are the strawberries and ice-cream that are spread upon the table under the elms! A children's party is a pretty sight at all times, but far more so out-of-doors. Even in the city, a party is far better in the day-time, and a luncheon party on Saturday is delightful; don't you think so?

But you shall hear of a better one still, such an one as few of you have ever seen, perhaps. On one of the loveliest days of last June, I was invited to be present at a party given by a lady in memory of some one whom she loved, who was dead. Every year, on the day of his death, she invited about fifty of the poorest children of New York, from one of the schools of the Children's Aid Society, to her country place, to enjoy themselves in the fresh air and the free sunshine.

Poor little things! they came in the best clothes they had or could borrow, and it was touching to see the girls' attempts at finery. Most of them were clean and neat, some had hardly clothes to cover them, but all wore a faded ribbon or cravat, a crumpled artificial flower, or a shabby feather—all made some endeavor to dress for the occasion.

As soon as the little procession, headed by their teacher, entered the gate, they gave themselves up to the wildest enjoyment; they rolled and turned somersaults on the grass, they shouted, they rushed to the "scupp," as they called the swing, or to the croquet ground. They filled their hands with daisies, with buttercups, and all sorts of weeds; they blew the dandelion balls, and made chains of the stems; but not one bit of mischief did they do, nor did they meddle with the flower-beds or the green fruit.

One poor boy, who had been for a while in the penitentiary for some petty theft, lay half the day at the foot of a big tulip-tree, full of blossoms, looking up into the sky. What do you suppose he was thinking of? These children played at wild games of their own, with little refrains and rhymes of the street, such as you probably never heard. Even their "counting out" was different from yours. They wandered about, never weary of looking at everything; for many of them had never been in the country before, and all was new and wonderful to them.

The teacher said that in the cars they had been delighted with a sight quite strange to them,—a field of growing grain, with the wind rippling over it in lovely waves,—and that every green thing, such as turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables in the gardens, seemed to interest them, and they wanted to know their names. Some colts, standing with their mothers in a field, seemed wonderful to them. But the things that pleased them most were the toads. "There 's a frog! there 's a frog!" they cried. "No; it 's a hop-tud! .Catch him! catch him!" And they were never tired of chasing the odd little speckled fellows, and trying to keep them in their pockets.

One child said to my friend: "Mis' Blank, does all this grove belong to you?" and others asked where they could find a candy-stall—taking the place for a picnic grove, their only idea of the country.

After awhile they all stood in a ring and sung some very pretty hymns, about "The sweet story of old," which you have often heard, and "The land bright and fair," that must have seemed a more possible dream to them on this lovely June day than when they wandered among the hot, dirty streets of the city.

By and by a table was spread for them under the tall trees, whose boughs formed a dense shade, and they had just as much as they wanted of strawberries, ice-cream, sandwiches, cookies, and lemonade.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

One poor little girl had to go away alone, and before the feast, because if she were not at her newspaper stand at a certain hour she would lose her place, and, perhaps, be beaten. She could not even have one whole holiday. Another child had not been able to come at all, because her mother had sold her only dress for drink!

At last the time came when they all had to go.

"SOME WANDER OFF TO PICK WILD FLOWERS."

They formed their little procession, and bade good-bye, very unwillingly. Almost every one said, "May n't we come again next year?"

My friend told me that they began to count the time for the next party almost immediately, and that one of them said to her once: "Mis' Blank, it 's only nine months and three days before we are going to your house."

Think of that! This was the only day of pleasure, perhaps, that those children had in a whole year! Think of that, all you happy children who read the ST. NICHOLAS, who are often taken to parties and picnics, and entertainments of minstrels and magicians and ventriloquists, and who have little journeys and excursions every summer!

As the party went out of the gate, one boy called out, "Good-bye, Mis' Blank! good-bye, trees! good-bye, old 'scupp!'" And they all chorused, "Good-bye, trees! Good-bye, Mis' Blank!" and gave a shrill cheer.

Now are there not some children who would be glad to have such little folks as these have a good time rather oftener? Would it not be nice if they could have several such feasts as this in the year, instead of only one; if their hard lives, in which there is so little pleasure, and often suffering from cold and hunger, might be oftener cheered in this way?

Mrs. Blank told me that the whole festival cost her but fifty cents for each child, including their fares, their luncheon, and all their expenses. How cheap a way of giving so much delight! Many families who are well off, and living out-of-town, could afford such an outlay once a year, or several families could club together, and, with very little money and very little trouble, give a great deal of happiness. People must give up one day to it, and get a little tired, that is all.

It is not what we give, but how we give, that counts. We should all try to leave the world better than we found it, if it is only by planting a tree. When we give pennies to street-beggars, we do more harm than good. But if we *share* with others our pretty gardens, our sweet air, our green trees, we do real good to them and to ourselves.

You remember Lowell says it is

"Not that which we give, but that which we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

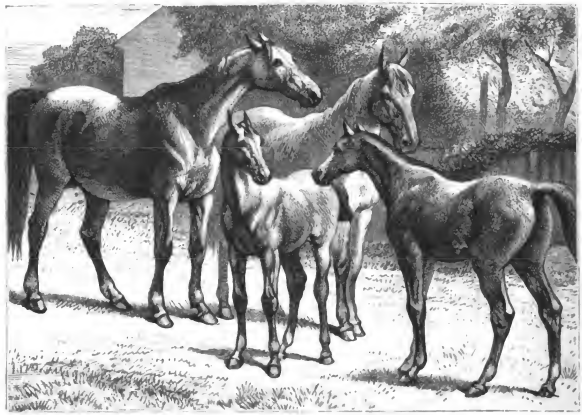
And Christ tells us that when we have a feast we need not invite our rich neighbors, who may ask us in return. "But thou, when thou makest a feast, call thither the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind, and thou shalt be blessed."

Not that we should never ask the rich. Many of them are poor in some way—are lonely, or weary, or ignorant, or tasteless—and might be better for sharing with us, at least our good-will, if we have nothing more. Rich people do not always know how to enjoy simple things, and may learn this

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

secret from a poorer neighbor, and be happier for it always. It is something only to know how much better everything tastes out-of-doors. "Fine folk oft scorn shoals o' blessin'," says a Scotch song.

enjoy in the country; who never see a bird except in a cage, or hear the pine-boughs murmuring, or the running of water; who never chase butterflies, or know the meaning of that best of things, "a



"SOME COLTS, STANDING WITH THEIR MOTHERS IN A FIELD." [PAGE 726.]

But do not forget the poor children, many of them born blind, with the blindness of ignorance; whose lives are empty of all the pleasant things we

long summer's day." Perhaps you may have the power, during this very September, to help some of them to keep one happy holiday with you.

THE BUMBLE-BEE.

THE bumble-bee, the bumble-bee.
He flew to the top of the tulip-tree;
He flew to the top, but he could not stop,
For he had to get home to his early tea.

The bumble-bee, the bumble-bee,
He flew away from the tulip-tree;
But he made a mistake, and flew into the lake,
And he never got home to his early tea.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ROSY.

By Mary L. B. Branch.

"THE very color I wanted, and just the kind I wanted!" said Louis, as he stood on the steps surveying his new velocipede. "Fired, and three wheels; you can't tip over on three wheels, you know."

"*I* could," said his brother Bertie, confidently.

"Oh, well, *you!* That's another thing. Here, Bert, help me buckle on my sword, and give me my soldier-cap. I'm a cavalry officer to-day, and I shall charge up and down the street exactly twenty times before I go to school."

Kitty and Willy boy watched from the window, and Bertie, book-strap in hand, waited on the steps, to see Louis' grand charge.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he exclaimed, the first time he dashed by. "On, boys, and at them! Hurrah!"

A second and a third time he went swiftly and safely the whole length of the sidewalk, but the fourth time, just as he was shouting "Hurrah!" with a backward glance at Bertie, some one suddenly turned the corner ahead. There was a cry, a collision, and the next instant Louis and his velocipede lay flat on the ground, while a little girl of about ten sat near by, holding her ankle and crying bitterly.

Louis was on his feet in a moment, very sorry and very much ashamed; Kittie and Bertie flew to help the little girl, but could not reach her so soon as did a strong, broad-shouldered man who had been only a few steps behind her when she fell.

"Poor little lass!" he said, gathering her up in his arms. "Don't cry, for there's an orange in my pocket."

"My ankle hurts me," sobbed the child.

"I'm very, very sorry," said Louis, ruefully. "Please bring her into our house, sir, and my mother will put on something to cure her ankle right away."

"Oh, do please bring her in," joined in Bertie and Kitty, full of anxiety, and just then mamma herself appeared at the door, having been summoned in great haste by Willy boy. That decided it, for no one ever could resist mamma, and as soon as they were all in the house, she took the stranger child tenderly in her lap, and drew off the shoe from the little aching foot.

"There, move your foot now, dearie," she said, "That's right, move it again. It is n't sprained—only bruised a little. Run, Kitty, and bring my arnica bottle."

The little foot was bathed, the tears were dried, and then they all began to notice what blue eyes, and what pretty golden hair the stranger had.

"Is she your little girl?" asked Mrs. Neal of the broad-shouldered man.

"I guess I shall have to claim her," he said, good-naturedly, "though I never set eyes on her till yesterday. Her name's Rosy. She's the daughter of an old messmate of mine who died off the Ivory Coast, and I promised him I'd keep a lookout for her. So when the 'Laughing Sally' dropped anchor yesterday, I made for head-quarters straight off. We thought we'd have a walk this morning, but the little craft kept sailing ahead, and first thing I knew, she ran among breakers."

At this point Kitty, who had disappeared for a moment, returned with a rather dingy-looking little pie in her hands, which she insisted on giving to Rosy.

"I made it myself," she said, radiantly. "Bridget let me. I was saving it for my dolls, but now I would rather give it to you."

Rosy received it in the same spirit in which it was given, and regarded it with great admiration.

Meanwhile Louis and Bertie reluctantly gathered up their books and started for school, while Mrs. Neal pursued her conversation with the kind-hearted sailor. She found he had neither kith nor kin in the world, and had decided to adopt Rosy as his own little girl. He had found her not quite happy in the rough boarding-house which was all her home, and what do you think he was going to do about it? Kitty fairly lost her breath when she heard him say:

"I shall take her along next voyage; she'll be happier aboard the 'Laughing Sally.'"

Mrs. Neal involuntarily pressed the little waif closer, thinking of her own Kitty as she did so. What would become of a little, motherless ten-year-old girl, on a three years' whaling voyage?

"Do you want to go, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Rosy, brightly. "Papa was going to take me next voyage himself; he wrote me a letter that said so, after mamma died. Papa always lived on the sea, and it will seem nearer to him if I live there too."

Mrs. Neal considered. It comes so natural to us to shelter our children, to want them safely

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

housed and guarded at every point. And the sea seemed to her so strong and terrible. But then her family had always been lands-people. She recalled a verse of Rossetti's:

"Three little children
On the wide, wide sea,—
Motherless children,—
Safe as safe can be
With guardian angels."

"The captain's wife promised Uncle Ben she'd take care of me," continued Rosy, "and I'm going to have a little hammock put up for me down in her cabin!"

"Oh, mamma, I wish I could go too!" exclaimed Kitty.

"Let Rosy stay here to-day," said Mrs. Neal to Uncle Ben. "Her ankle will pain her a little, and she should let it rest. Let her remain to-day and to-night with Kitty, and to-morrow you may come for her again."

"Well, ma'am, I will," said the good-natured sailor, glad to leave the little lass in so snug a harbor. And he went, but not before he took the orange out of his pocket.

Was n't that a great day for Rosy! To sit in an easy-chair in Kitty's room, and be made much of; to have picture-books heaped around her, and toys, and bits of fancy-work; to have white grapes brought to her on a lovely china plate; and for dinner such delicious chicken pie. Then not only did she have

"SHE TOOK THE STRANGER CHILD TENDERLY IN HER LAP."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Kitty for company, but all Kitty's dolls sat in order before her, dressed in their best. She said she wished her own dolly was there; and when Kitty inquired and found that the absent dolly had only one dress, what a hunting there was through mamma's piece-bags, until silk and lace had been found for Rosy to take home, to make a party-costume for her, fully equal to that worn by Kitty's own Florietta.

"I like dolls better than any other playthings," said Rosy, "because they seem just like folks. I should be real lonesome without mine."

So the two little girls played and talked all day long together, and liked each other better and better.

"If you were not going to sea, we could be friends all the time," said Kitty, regretfully.

"We 'll be friends when I come back," replied Rosy, "and I 'll bring you pink corals and shells."

Louis and Bertie were very much impressed when they found out the destiny that lay before Rosy; and hearing the children talk it over with so much enthusiasm, Mrs. Neal grew reconciled. After all it would make life broader and richer. Just think what it would be to any of us who have led quiet, uneventful lives, if we had three years to look back upon, of life on the broad blue ocean, under other skies, with strange stars overhead at night, sailing from zone to zone, stopping at tropical islands, catching the spicy breezes, seeing fruit-laden palms, seeing birds of bright rare plumage, and gathering wonderful shells on coral strands. Louis brought out his atlas, and all the children bending over it, marked out a voyage for Rosy, in which no sea was unvisited, no coast untouched, no island unexplored.

When Uncle Ben came for his little girl the next day, he found her bright and eager, quite willing to go with him at once, and begin to make ready for her ship-life. Mrs. Neal made some sensible suggestions in Rosy's behalf, which the bluff sailor gratefully accepted.

Louis and Kitty went once to visit Rosy at the boarding-house before she left it, and brought home a vivid account of its dreary discomfort.

"Not one bright thing about it, mamma," said Kitty, "only Rosy and her doll; and oh, mamma, she has made a dress for her dolly out of that blue silk I gave her, a great, *great* deal prettier than Florietta's!"

At last the "Laughing Sally" sailed out of port, with a little smiling figure on deck, waving a farewell to the group of friends who stood on the shore to see her depart. It was to be a three years' voyage. When they could no longer distinguish Rosy, the Neals went home, and from day to day tried to imagine how her new life must seem to her, and what was happening.

The months slipped by, and season followed season. The children talked often of Rosy, and wondered how she fared. Sometimes, on the very coldest, stormiest nights they would picture her walking at that moment on some sunlit shore, gathering curious shells for them. But their mother was haunted by the thought of a little shrinking, trembling creature, with only a few boards between her and the raging, cruel waters.

A year went by, two years, and the third was almost gone. Louis was now a tall boy of sixteen, and Kitty was growing a great girl. They wondered if Rosy would know them when she came back; she must be growing a great girl now herself. When the third twelvemonth had quite passed, they began to study the shipping list in the paper, expecting every time to see the "Laughing Sally" reported. But she was never even named. Month after month rolled by, and still no news. No "Laughing Sally" came sailing into port, with a little smiling figure at the bow waving a glad salute. No one seemed to know anything about Rosy's ship. The owners lived in some far-off city, so there was no one who could answer their inquiries. The Neals only knew that the ship never was hailed, never was sighted, never came to shore. So many ships went down each year, could it be that Rosy's was among the doomed?

At last it was five years since she sailed away. The Neals no longer spoke merrily and gayly of Rosy, but always gently and gravely. They had moved now from the house which had so long been their home, to another even pleasanter in the distant suburbs. Louis was almost ready for college, and Kitty was almost a young lady. Even Bertie had grown past belief, and Willy was the only one who now cared for velocipedes.

Still another year was slipping away, time goes so fast, and Mrs. Neal's birthday, which the family always celebrated, was close at hand. Louis and Kitty, in search of something lovely enough for a present, came into the city one day together, and went among all the stores. Louis complained that they should not get through before night, Kitty kept stopping so before all the show-windows.

"I can't help it, when everything looks so pretty," she said, laughing; "now just see that windowful of lovely dolls. If I live to be sixty, I shall always stop to look at dolls. If you feel too big and grand, Louis, you can be looking at that other window of books while you wait for me."

So Louis stood before the window of books, and Kitty grew absorbed in the charming groups of gayly dressed dolls. She said afterward she felt impressed that she must look at them all. There

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

was a bridal party, and a group at a ball, a cunning little tea-party, and a comical sewing society. In a corner of the window was a family group, at which finally Kitty found herself gazing with intensest interest. She could not make out its meaning at first. There was a sweet-faced lady-doll, holding

"THERE SHE SAT AT WORK."

a little girl-doll in her lap while other doll-children stood around. Then there was a great, good-natured man-doll, with a big coat and long beard, looking on. Suddenly it all flashed over Kitty.

"Louis! Louis! come over here quick!" she cried excitedly. "See, only see those dolls!"

"I see them," said Louis, casting an indifferent glance that way.

"But you don't notice. Oh, Louis, don't you remember the day your velocipede knocked Rosy down, and how we children all stood around while mother took her shoe off, and Uncle Ben? There we all are, there you are yourself, with a sword at your side! I am going right in to find out who dressed those dolls."

And impulsive Kitty, followed by her bewildered brother, rushed into the store at once, and made her inquiries.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"We have two girls who dress dolls at work now in the back room," said the forewoman of the establishment. Kitty went eagerly to the glass door and peeped through. Alas! both were brunettes—no Rosy there.

"Who arranged the groups in the window?" she asked, pertinaciously.

"Ah, that," said the forewoman, "was done by our most skillful worker. She does the most of her work at home, then brings the dolls here and groups them. Her name is Ferguson."

"Her address?" demanded Kitty, breathlessly.

"No. 16 Weir Street," said the woman, referring to the books.

Louis was now interested too, and ordering a carriage, he and Kitty in a moment more were on their way to the place designated.

"Oh, Louis, Louis! can it be Rose?" said Kitty, as they alighted, and began to ascend the narrow stairs. A little boy showed them the door, Louis rapped, and a pleasant voice said, "Come in."

There she sat at work. It was she—dear, sweet Rose! Six years older, of course, and paler than when they saw her last, but it was Rose. Kitty threw her arms about her, with a storm of questions and tender reproaches, while Louis, much moved, made his way to the bed where poor Uncle Ben lay, evidently ill, and grasped his hand.

Then it all came out, the story of the delay and the long silence. The "Laughing Sally" had made out her cargo of oil in good time, and had started on the return, when she was met at Tahiti by another ship of the same owners, commissioned to take the oil, and to order the "Sally" back for another cruise. Uncle Ben's health had even then began to fail, he was becoming subject to rheumatism, and after five years' absence from his native land, he exchanged ships, took one homeward bound, and he and Rosy had now been back in the city for five months. Of course his little funds were soon exhausted, but Rosy luckily had been able to find work, and so they had lived.

"But why did n't you come to us? Why *did n't* you come straight to us?" Kitty asked again and again as the story was told.

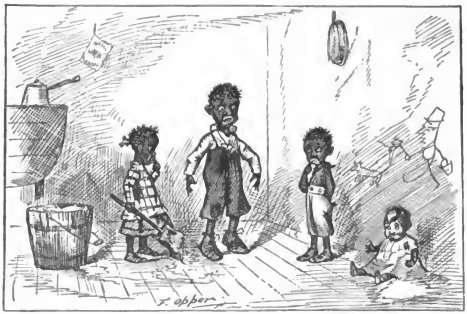
"I did go," said Rose, "but there was another family in the house, and no one could tell me where you lived. It was not in the directory either."

"Because we had moved out of town," exclaimed Kitty, "and there we were lost to each other, though less than five miles apart!"

"And did you reach the Fortunate Islands and find the coral strands, and the palm groves, Rose?" asked Louis.

Rose laughed merrily.

"I have kept a log," she said, "and you and Bertie shall read it. But whatever I found, there was nothing fairer than my native land!"



HORRIFIED ELDER BROTHER: "BEEN A-WHITEWASHIN' BABY, HAS YER? WHAT DOES YER S'POSE DE S'IRTY FUR DE INVENTION OB ANIMALS 'LL DO TO YER WHEN HE HEARS OB IT?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA